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losophy of Hucheson, and early inspired by the poetry of Akenside, the study of the former gave him that chastity of the moral sense which binds political and personal duty in the same strict tie of honesty and honour; and the divine muse of the latter, threw that sacred flame of liberty into his breast, which burned while he continued to exist. In the principles of civil and religious liberty he lived, and in them he died. They were the bond of his youthful friendships, and they consolidated the attachments of his maturer years. These were the associating principles of Macaine, Bruce, Wight, and Plunket, the principles of the venerable Camden, and the amiable Charlemont, of the untitled Stewart, and the unpensioned Burke. These were the principles which gained him the confidence and correspondence of that great and good man, Henry Grattan, and the same principles led him to regard Charles Fox as the tutelary genius of the British constitution.

Dr. Haliday's character was completed by what is perhaps to be deemed the best man's best praise; the grace and goodness of domestic life, its uniform cheerfulness, its inestimable equanimity. To a most amiable woman, he was a husband at once polite and tender, affectionate and respectful; to his dependents, a kind protector; and to all his relatives a guide and guardian, an ever ready friend, and an adopted father.

Farewell, venerable and virtuous! admired, beloved and honoured, for wit, and worth, and wisdom. You have closed your reverend length of days, but your name will long live in hallowed remembrance; by me, ever to be regarded with filial reverence, for kind condescension, for paternal admonition, for friendly recommendation, and for life repeatedly restored.

1801.

The following copy of verses, from the pen of Doctor Haliday, is inserted as a specimen of his poetical composition.

TO MY FRIEND MACLAINE ON HIS TELLING ME HE NO LONGER AMUSED HIMSELF WITH WRITING VERSES.

Hague, Aug. 7th, 1750.

And is it so, my friend, indeed?

Thy muse who charm'd us is she fled?

Who charm'd with various art,
Whether the sounding lyre she strung,
Or vice with sharpest satire stung;
Alas how could ye part!

Where Glotta's flood the plain divides,
Amidst her oaks where Lagan glides
The fertile vale along,
Oft have we heard her tuneful strains,
Oft have we felt her joys and pains;
O wondrous power of song!

Tow'ring aloft on Rapture's wing
Did she of God and nature sing,
With love divine we burned;
Did lovely loving Metis claim
Her softer voice, that heavenly flame
To carnal love was turned.

Fired with an honest patriot rage
As now she flash'd a corrupt age,
Up indignation sprung;
Laughter, as merry tales she told,
Borrowed some wrinkles from the old,
And lent them to the young.

She's heard no more—say whence this
change?

Does she through fields of Æther range,
And nature's laws explore?
Or is she back to Metis gone,
Her woes to weep, her sorrows moan,
With whom she smiled before?

With patriot and poetic fires
Perhaps bold Marcus* she inspires,
And hence his noble fury;
Or of her jokes and doggrel's fond
Has entered in a judgment bond
To live and laugh with Murray.

As late near Leyden's lonely bound
I lay thus musing on the ground,
While o'er my pensive head,
Safe from the breeze tall poplars slept,
And close beneath the dull wave crept
Along its oozy bed.

"Vainly you guess"—descending said
A form in robes of light array'd,
Too glorious for my sight,
"A cherub now, a muse before,
Amidst the angelic choir I soar,
And praise the God of might.

"When he, for higher things design'd,
The poet's idle fame resign'd

"Thus chang'd I pass the poles;

"Still I inspire for different ends;

"Before, he pleased his listening friends,

"But, now, he saves their souls," A.H.

LIFE OF VIEWS.

THIS artist, who, 1789, was appointed to the place of first painter to the king of France, had such a decided inclination for the pencil, that nothing could surmount

*Mr. Aikenside.

his resolution to become a painter. His first performances of any note produced him far more reputation than profit. While studying at Rome, he one day made his confession to father Cherubin de Noves, definitor general of the capuchins of France, of a few sins apparently of no great importance, as the father did not seem to pay much attention to them. After the ceremony was over, the Capuchin observed, that the order wanted six pictures of the history of Saint Martha, for their church at Tarascon; "but," added he, "our benefactors have so little money to give, that I dare not mention the sum to you." "Well, father, but how much is it?" "Four guineas a piece." "And of what size?" "Ten feet high, by eight wide." "Your benefactors are determined not to ruin themselves! However, father, you take an interest in the affair, and I will paint them."

A still stronger motive with *Vien* for this undertaking, than his inclination to oblige the adroit friar, was his wish to try his strength, and learn from the public opinion, whether he had not acted wisely, in relinquishing the practice of the French school for the study of nature and the antique. Accordingly he set about his work with such diligence, that he fell ill, and was obliged to quit Rome for a little while, before he finished the series. Out of the four and twenty guineas he received, his remuneration was just thirty shillings, the rest being expended on materials. These paintings, which acquired him much reputation, were all finished off hand, without being previously sketched.

This undertaking accidentally gave rise to his *Sleeping Hermit*; which was the favourite production of Mr. Vien. Being desirous of some characteristic heads for one of the pieces, he met with a hermit while rambling without the walls of Rome, whose countenance struck him, and who consented to sit to him. The Hermit was fond of music, and one of the young pensioners made him a present of an old violin, with which he amused himself in the painter's work-room. One day, while Vien was copying a foot from the hermit,

the violin suddenly ceased its sounds. Lifting up his head, he perceived his model fast asleep, precisely in the same attitude as is represented in the picture. The posture appeared to him striking; he laid down his palette, took up a crayon, and immediately sketched the whole figure. In the course of a week the painting from this was finished, as it now appears in the gallery of the Conservative Senate.

On his return from Rome to Paris, Vien was feasted every where, and among the rest by his capuchins at Tarascon. The good fathers did not omit this opportunity of engaging him to paint another picture for them. This, the embarkation of St. Martha, was larger than the others, being fifteen feet by ten; and when it was finished, father Cherubin in consequence offered him double price for it. "I have no longer the advantage," observed Vien, "of a pension from the king; and therefore must not entirely neglect my own profit; however, I shall charge you only twenty guineas." This sum was accordingly paid.

His *hermit* was much more admired at Rome, and in the country, than at Paris, where the academicians had no idea of copying nature. "I cannot conceive," said his old master, Natoire, to him, "how you could copy the figures on your second and third grounds from nature." "I find it much better," answered Vien, "than a drawing on white or gray paper, from which I can learn nothing with respect to the colour of objects."

Another time, when he was painting a picture for a prize, his companions said to him: "It is easy enough to do as you do, imitate nature." "What would you imitate then?" answered Vien.

Madame Geoffrin, a lady much respected among men of letters, going one day to see his *hermit*, which count Caylus had highly praised to her, said to the young artist: "when you are become familiar with our painters, I have no doubt you will change your style." "I madam! Do you think I have spent five years at Rome studying and reflecting on my art, to change so easily?"

I find you do not know me: happily I have employment for some time; and if I afterwards find, that, because I will not imitate others, I have nothing to do, I will go elsewhere: the world is the country of the arts; I am a single man, and my wants are so small, that I shall find a living any where."

Another time the same lady requested him to paint her a head in the style of Vanloo." "I am very sorry, Madam," said Vien, "that you have taken the trouble to come up hither,* for Mr. Vanloo lives at the bottom of the house." "I know it, sir." "Then, madam, you have given yourself unnecessary trouble. You must be sensible that if I were so weak as to do what you desire of me, I could only produce a poor imitation of the respectable artist, of whom you wish to have a head. For my part, madam, I paint only *Viens*." "You are very high." "A hundred and forty seven steps, madam." "Well, Sir, since you paint nothing but *Viens*, paint me a head in the style of Vien." "With pleasure; madam." In the sequel madam Geoffrin and Vien became intimate friends. Delatour the

portrait painter, had bequeathed to the academy four hundred guineas, the interest of which was to form an annual prize: the subject to be alternately a half length from nature, and a figure from the antique. The director of the academy, after having kept the money eight years, proposed to return it to the heirs, as a useless gift; and most of the academicians assented, that they might not offend the first painter of the King. Vien alone ventured to oppose this step. "What, gentlemen!" exclaimed he, "would you give up a legacy you have accepted, when you are conscious the intention of the donor was to promote the progress of the art! Mr. Delatour has endeavoured by his generosity, to lead our youth to paint from nature, and draw from the antique; and you, conservators of the sacred fire of the arts, refuse to co-operate with him! What then is the use of the academy? Do we meet only to bid one another good morning and good night?" This speech had it's due effect, and thence forward a prize was distributed every year agreeably to the design of the testator.

DETACHED ANECDOTES.

SLYNESS.

AN ecclesiastic of the severe evangelical class, as it is affectedly called, by a constant face and style of odorous sanctity, as if he was utterly abstracted from the world, was considered as an absolute saint by his people. On his death bed, the conscience of this holy man, broke through the restraints, in which it had been held, and brought to his view many secret transgressions, which the world knew not. He was alarmed; he could not conceal his fears: he shrunk from the real approach of that other world, to which in spirit he was thought to have been long removed: his surrounding friends were astonished: they wondered that so holy a man could

have any apprehension of his future state. "Ah!" cried he, "but I have been sly!" *G. Walker's Essays.*

COETLOSQUET AND D'ALEMBERT.

Coetlosquet, who died in 1784, having nearly attained the age of ninety, after being promoted to the bishoprick of Limoges, filled the honourable situation of preceptor to the French princes. He was a friend to literature, and to its cultivators, beneficent without ostentation, pious without severity, and as free from party spirit as from ambition; goodness, modesty, and moderation formed the base of his character; and amid the religious disputes, that so long distracted his country, he confined himself to praying for the reconciliation of the contentious parties.

One day some person was attacking the principles and character of

* His lodging was at the top of the Louvre.